

u n t i t l e d

The room was about as empty as any room could be,
devoid of anything that could ever
consider itself a noun.

Instead, absence filled every nook and cranny
with such
determination and force that one might think
it had some kind of 'want', some kind of
reason which was compelling it to keep itself there.

This was rather like a vacuum, with the invisible walls
presenting themselves as (non-existent) convexes, leaning
towards what can only be assumed is the 'centre'.

And outside of the invisible walls:

even less than what was inside; a lack of lack, without a
single bit of emptiness; so vast in it's gob smacking
'without' that it was, in fact, completely full of so much
nothing that had an electron somehow strayed into this area it
would not be able to move at all through shear quantity of
void.

Fine. I lied to you, and I am sorry
for doing so because I feel I have betrayed
your trust,
and I hope you can forgive me; The room itself was
not quite as empty
as I implied, because just to the 'left' [from
the point of view of your
mental camera] of the center, and a bit
further back than you first thought, was a young child.

The child, it would seem,
was in control of everything within this room,
but - on account of only just being born - had not yet instigated
any kind of procreation with itself.

Yesterday, [not that anybody other than an omniscient narrator
would know] the aforementioned child was not in this room.

Now - however - it was.

The child was bored.

[my apologies, but for those of you who have the mental image of a
big, white, cubic room: please think again, you disappoint me.]

The child opened Her eye, and to Her surprise, found it hurt.

It was so dark.

She blinked.
And it went back to **light** again.

Then... There was
the strangest of sensations,
an electricity ~~.Could.~~
which shot round Her skull, ~~.This.~~
through the silver capillaries,
and into Her eye lid. ~~.Pain?~~

She closed Her eye
for just a moment,
then opened it again. .(blink).

Now She knew the difference
between [dark]
[and]
[**light**]

According to Her, anyway.

Again... There was
the strangest of sensations,
an electricity
which shot round Her skull,
through the silver capillaries,
and into Her eye lid.

But this time it built up, and it pushed out, and it slid down Her face, leaving a legacy. It crept towards Her chin, slipped, hung on for dear life, only to

Drop.
Drop.
Drop.
Drop.
Drop.
Drop.
Drop.

Down to the floor, filling the gaps.
Puddles, vast and wide.

Streams and rivers... ..

She did a blink again.

She
decided
to imagine.

Emerald, maroon, indigo.

Long, reaching, tall. covering
everywhere
growing, weaving, leaving trails, uprooting the past,
jealous, rough, relentless, all happening
before Her very eyes
a psychedelic party of gargantuan
proportions

all in the palm of Her hand.

She saw every thing that She had made, and, behold, *it was* very good.

They sprawled and spread and plowed on through, like an infinite
tank, consuming all in it's path. Slowly

but incredibly surely.
The colours mixed, developed, grew, learnt

And then it all came to a sudden

Stop.

She did a blink again.

The colours, despite their beauty, their tone, and strength.

Weren't worth their hue
without the right **lighting**.

She wished, and She wished, and She willed and She wanted, and before long, the **light** drained into Her, through Her eye and into Her soul.

She could not see outside Herself, but Her hollow inside was so radiant it consumed Her.

A perfect finger reached out into the space

found it's limit

named it

and poked it.

In the way that only a child can poke at infinity.
(as Children often do)

And where the finger did lay on the infinity, the finger did leave a small shining, round mark, which set itself forth to **light** the room.

She gave it a push, like nudging a fly,

and - on account of there not yet being any friction of any sort -
it

moved and did not stop moving, spinning around and around Her
gliding so smooth one might think it was skating
on butter

and the **light** tickled Her nose a thrill which
filled Her head shot through Her synuses
and before She knew what was happening

Her head was thrown forwards and She screamed, spitting spots of saliva into the air like the spray of a cannon.

The little drops of juice sung	their way
around the room	resting in their own places
and reflecting	the light of the Child around.

And yet, there was nothing to wish for the **light**...

so another blink into the **light**.

Each of Her hairs started to grow

~~faster~~ ~~than~~ ~~sound~~

screaming out of Her head

ripping from Her skin, firing themselves from
their roots

like a volcano spewing it's
impatient magma
from it's rocky guts.

It ran out and down Her face,
tearing

from Her skin, falling and piling up
on the floor,

mounds and shapes surrounding Her.

Inside: a panic, a pain, **lightning** scorching
Her veins, Her whole being pushing
and pulling
and fighting itself apart.

The hair wrote itself into small verses of life
shapes of existence,
octagonal oblongs,
satisfied enough in their rhythms
to just be their own little amoebae.

And she
hated
it all

They were rising, surrounding Her
crawling up Her knees, along Her thighs,
relentless as the sea

.which.

.which.

.pounded.

.pounded.

.at.

.at.

.Her toes.

.Her toes.

And then they were ALIVE.

[Yes. Dramatic, isn't it.]

and

some

would

wallow

in

her

tears.

And some would start to soar around her head.

Like unwanted thoughts.

Like nagging doubts

and beeping and tweeting in her ear

and swarming

and swarming

free

and

fresh

escaping
outwards leaking through her colossal
pores, dripping down her skin into the infinite paradox.

blink.

And only she had created it.

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But then coming to life and roaming around her feet.

On

fours

twos

sixes

eights

ones

'none's

bellies

feet

claws

teeth

eyes

stomachs

eggs

fur

skin

life

...

she went to blink.

And could not

her
eyes
were
too
dry

and her eyelids could not move.

Not at all.

And the drought spread

through her mass, starting from the surface,
working and worming it's way through,

like an infinite
maggot

omnipresent
and
unwanted

And then before her very eyes, her very dry eyes
flake away Her perfect skin began to
A dry white snow Each flake

A new and perfect story of her short and perfect life.
and so she began to
fall
apart

inconceivably slowly, incomprehensibly surely

flakes falling off like delicate tiles
a morbid mosaic

and each little flake began to get up and walk.

And walked on top of the rest, the mess which surrounded her

like bacteria spreading

with torches and lines

and something called "masses"

and all covering what lay there before, like a deathly frost.

And each not leaving it's mark, but rather being marked upon.

Layer upon layer

and with each moment that passed She became more and more and more and more and more aware of the sensation it was causing

she had felt it before

but before was *different*

now it was everything

each tiny segment of her

a small *image* of her life was being take from her

No.

Not being taken.

Leaving of it's own accord, leaving nothing but red anger underneath.

She felt it sear her senses, like an ocean of fire, gradually growing, like a sadistic sunrise. And she couldn't know why.

But in a way even she could not fathom, the experience was uplifting, she was getting lighter, shedding the weight of her shell, and inside her infinite mind she was starting to awaken in a new light

now there was not pain and pleasure, or light and dark

*just
grey*

and it consumed her
and sheltered her

and so...

She blinked.

And now she was at her final moment, her work was done, her life expelled like a puff of unwanted fumes.

And life began to explode from her open pores, with the shear pressure of love forcing it through tiny openings, all over her body. For now she had grown up, and was no longer as young as she was.

And like a supernova, an invisible forced burst from within her, coating everything she had made with true love, and she was left just standing where she was, on her worn feet.

And the love hit the walls either side of her, with an unstoppable force, and the walls started to crack.

And the love reverberated within it's own confines, creating waves and levels so complex that they would never ever be recreated again, and it bounced off the invisible perimeters and flew back to her, with such precision that she was not moved, but instead was confined within the crushing tides.

And all at once everything made sense; she knew her purpose, her life, her name, her age, everything that she had pondered on for so long, for her entire perfect life.

And through her new strength came a new kind of weakness.

And her knees began to give way

And the tide kept echoing between wall and **Lord**

Though ghosts of the past kept fighting through,
But their plight

Was useless.

And so

On her seventh blink

She fell

To rest for eternity, silent, still, young and old.

*To be lived on,
Loved on,
Lighting the way,
For ever...
And a day.*